

On with the coloured lights
waiting in the winds for attention
it doesn't really come from me
I'm missing everything you see
and who could ask for more
lay me on a beach in New Hampton
it's not a million miles away
I'm serious in every way

When do I be still?

And in this marching ends
playing out of here into nowhere
I'm not about to change my mind
uncertain for the very last time

When do I be still
with you in mind?

On with the coloured lights
knowing there's a place for you always
acceptance isn't easy, I know
it's better than to live alone
and who could ask for more
waiting in the winds for attention
I'm not about to change my mind
uncertain for the very last time

When do I be still
with you in mind?